

to the minute you let it go by acidquill

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Summary:

Steve deals. Mostly.

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Author's Note:

(nope i'm not really here. this is not my fandom. nothing to see folks.) a quick soc post s1 thing i probably shoulda left alone but well, STEVE. title from catfish & the bottlemen 'postpone.' & my last fic of 2017, regardless of the posting date.

Steve sleeps with a string of Christmas lights around his window and a bat - *the bat* - under his bed.

Some nights neither are enough to keep him from locking himself in the bathroom, all the lights on and a space heater turned as high as it will go. He presses his back to the tile and refuses to look away from the door.

Just in case.

His parents don't seem to notice which days are bad ones. Steve sees them rarely enough now, between business trips and vacations and just being *gone*. His mom pats his hair, his shoulder absently as she passes. His dad coughs from behind a crisp newspaper not four feet away.

Steve goes to school, comes home to an empty house. It's fine.

He buys a box of nails and a Louisville slugger with the credit card his parents left him years ago 'for emergencies.' Stops himself from throwing ten more on the counter - even though that's what he really wants. A little peace of mind in every fucking room of the house. But he can deal with having just a spare. He probably won't have to use it.

His teachers start sending notes about his inattention in class. His dropping grades and missing homework. Steve starts a collection on his bedroom wall. Turns up 'Roxanne' while he arranges each page in a half-ass attempt at...he's not sure. Rips them all down later when the rustle of paper reminds him too much of. Well.

He gets used to mornings his hands jitter from too much coffee, too many cigarettes, too little sleep. Manages to survive the afternoons he barricades himself in his mother's prized, pristine, white living room with nothing but a blaring tv and the liquor cabinet for company.

No one asks if Steve is okay. He doesn't know the answer if they did.